A CATCH. Prom The Bos'on Transcript.

Oh! brightly fair and wildly free
The brook slipped onward to the sea
In easy curves, through channels deep,
Where shadows nodded, all asleep,
and singing, singing, soft and low,
The song such happy waters know.

Prone on the grass beneath the shade The crowding alder bushes made.
With chin propped squarely in my hands,
I watched the water lap the sands,
Or plash the mosses fringing down
Between the rootlets, darkly brown.

In long-drawn swells of drowsy glee
The locusts' drone came in to me,
And just above the water's flow
Black, long-legged files skimmed to and fro,
While 'neath the ferns, close to the brink, A freg peered out with solemn blink.

A stump, outpushing, made a pool
Where waters deepened, dark and cool,
And glaneing in with half-shut eyes.
I saw my scaly, finny prize
Just rocking in an easy way.
Like ship at anchor in a bay.

Ah, ne such puny, worthless thing An, no such puny, worthless thing As small boys seek with hook and string! His ample sides of silver gray
Darkened and flashed in gorgeous way.
And minnows, huddling as in fear.
Viewed him with awe, nor ventured near.

Oh! lazy as a fish could be, Oh: lazy as a lish could be,
He swing within his mimic sea;
His fins, with idle flap and flip,
Moved with each forward, backward dip,
Till slowly, slowly, he and I
Were caught by the same Inliaby.

LAURA GARLAND CARR.

AN AMICABLE ARRANGEMENT

Mr. Gimblet, the celebrated ex-detective, was foolish enough, to transact his Stock Exchange business through an outside broker. With all his astuteness, he shared the idiosyncrasy of many clever people, of being somewhat careless about his private affairs, and the glowing advertisements of Messrs. Vant & Slowbody had proved irresistible. He had not done badly by the firm, upon the whole, when one morning he learned to his great disgust that the junior partner had disappeared after committing extensive defalcations.

Mr. Gimblet, fortunately, had recently realized nearly all his securities and duly received payment. There remained a balance due to him, but it was not very much, and if the failure of Messrs. Vant & Slowbody had occurred in the ordinary way, he would have borne his loss with equanimity. But, according to the reports published in the newspapers, it appeared that the misfortune had been entirely brought about by the flagrant dishonesty of Mr. Slowbody, who had taken advantage of his senior's temporary absence to abscond with an enormous sum of money, and had apparently contrived to get clear away with his booty. The greatest sympathy was expressed for Mr. Vant, who had hastened home on hearing the startling news, only to find himself utterly runned. It made Mr. Gimblet very angry indeed to think that he had been robbed, and he determined that Mr. Slowbody should not escape scot-free for want of any assistance he could render.

Accordingly Mr. Gimblet attended the prelimi-

should not escape scot-free for want of any assistance he could render.

Accordingly Mr. Gimblet attended the preliminary meeting of the creditors of the firm, dressed in his best, with the inevitable flower in his buttonhole. Nobody paid the slightest attention to him, for he modestly kept in the background and took no part in the proceedings. He did not trouble his head by attempting to follow the figures and the dry business details which bore upon the important question of the dividend the estate would yield, but certain parts of Mr. Vant's pathetic and eloquent statement interested him so much that when the meeting adjourned, he politely accosted that gentleman and requested a few minutes' conversation.

Mr. Vant seemed inclined to resent Mr. Gimblet's demand as an importinence. He was a florid, elderly man, with a lond voice, and rather pompous manners. He probably considered that after the ample statement he had made, the questions he had satisfactorily answered, and the unanimous vote of

satisfactorily answered, and the unanimous vote of sympathy by which his creditors had testified their appreciation of his straightforward conduct, he might be spared the importunities of individual

might be spared the importunities of individual creditors.

"I am afraid that just at this moment I have no time to give you, sir," he replied, glancing rather superciliously at Mr. Gimblet.

"Very well. Only I thought I might possibly te of some service to you," said Mr. Gimblet, quietly.

"In what way?" inquired Mr. Vant.

"My name is Gimblet," said the ex-detective, producing one of his business cards.

"Oh! ah! To be sure," said Mr. Vant, with sudden cordiality, "I believe you generally transacted your business through my late partner. That is why I did not recognize you. Come in here,"

Mr. Gimblet followed Mr. Vant into a small private room, with a gratified smile upon his shrewd lips. Vanity was the ex-detective's weak point, and he could not help feeling flattered at Mr. Vant's change of mauner.

and he could not help feeling flattered at Mr. Vant's change of manner.

"I believe you are one of the smaller creditors, Mr. Gimblet, fortunately for yourself," remarked Mr. Vant, when they were alone.

"Yes," said Mr. Gimblet, taking a mental note of the fact that for the first time during the day Mr. Vant showed signs of nervonsees. "However, I did not wish to trouble you about that."

"Oh! don't consider me for a moment," said Mr. Vant, with a wave of his white hand. "I place myself entirely and unreservedly at the disposition of my creditors. Everything I possess in the world—my house, my plate, and my carriages, and even my wife's jewelry—will go toward increasing the dividend and repairing this terrible disaster as far as end and repairing this terrible disaster as far as

dend and repairing this terrible disaster as far as lies in my power."

"So I understand," said Mr. Gimblet, quite unmoved, "I wanted to ask about Mr. Slowbody,"

"A warrant has been issued for his apprehension," returned Mr. Vant, somewhat impatentity.

"Yes, sir, I know. But not until too late."

"What do you mean? I gave information to the police within an hour of my return home," said Mr. Vant, reddening slightly.

"I understand the facts are these," said Mr. Gimblet. "You and your family were staying at Biarritz."

Biarritz."
"We had been there two months," interposed Mr. Vant. "Exactly. You had no suspicion of your partner's

proceedings until—"
"Until I received his letter written from Queenstown, informing me of his flight," interrupted Mr. Vant quickly. "I immediately started home by the first train, and after spending half an hour here, I called in the police. You see I did not lose a proposal." moment."
"No; but the letter did not reach you till several days—more than a week, in fact—after date," remarked Mr. Gumblet.
"That is so, Unfortunately I had left Biarritz

That is so. Unfortunately 1 has been the letter arrived the my family the day before the letter arrived the my family it had to be forwarded on to

with my namely the day derive the rectar at there. Consequently it had to be forwarded on to Paris, and that caused delay."

"Mr. Slowbody had pienty of time to reach America, if that was his destination, between the date of his letter and the time of your giving information to the police," observed Mr. Gimblet, musically included in the police, of the police, where the police is the police in the police is the police in the police

ingly.

"That may be. I presume these questions have reference to a desire on your part to assist in apprehending my late partner?" said Mr. Vant, drawing

heading my late partier? Said Sr. van, drawing himself up.

"Most certainly. Considering that he has robbed and ruined you, no one in his senses would imagine you desired to assist his escape," said Mr. Gimblet with an innocent air.

"My dear sir, I—I am a Christian, a professing Christian certainly, and I hope a sincere one. At the same time, I cannot help feeling vindictive toward my late partner. As you say, he has robbed and ruined me. When I think of the misery

THE FUEL OF THE FUTURE.

and suffering he has wrought—

"What do the police say, sirt" said Mr. Gimblet,
Interrupting Mr. Vant's remarks with scant courtesy.

"Well, they have no clow at present, but they are hopeful," answered Mr. Vant. "1 am sure they would be grateful for any suggestion you could

"No they wouldn't, because I might tell them that they are on the wrong scent altogether," said Mr. Gimblet, looking his companion straight in the face. "However," feigning not to notice Mr. Vant's start and look of confusion, "I never interfere in what doesn't concern me. The police can go their way, and I will so mine."

doesn't concern me. The police can go their way, and I will go mine."

"You are exceedingly kind," returned Mr. Vant, evidently striving to appear cordial, "to interest yourself about the matter."

"Don't mention it, sir," said Mr. Gimblet, taking up his hat; "you see I've been robbed—that is the long and short of it. I've not lost much; it's the having been swindled that riles me. I should like to be even with Mr. Slowbody."

"You are not singular in that desire, Mr. Gimblet," said Mr. Vant, extending his hand, "Anything you have to suggest shall receive the most rareful attention."

rareful attention."
Mr. Gimblet wended his way homeward in a very thoughtful frame of mind after this interview. The fact was that he felt completely mystified by Mr. Vant's behavior. While that gentleman was Mact was that he felt completely mysthied by Mi-Vant's behavior. While that gentleman was making his statement to his creditors, the ex-detective had been struck by a sudden suspicion that he was acting a part. The idea came to him with the force and suddenness which he had learned from experience to associate with a happy inspira-tion. The great secret of Mr Gimblet's success in his needlar line of business was a singular knock of tion. The great secret of Mr Gimblet's success in his peculiar line of business was a singular knack of forming a correct conclusion without the process of reasoning. He was by no means wanting in logical perception, but he was frequently aided in his investigations by a sort of intuition which put him on the right track when others were vainly groping in the dark. He had instinctively mistrusted Mr Vant from the moment he commenced his speech, and when the proceedings terminated he felt impelled to engage him in conversation in order to gauge his character. He had no difficulty in this, for Mr. Vant's demeanor had not been calculated to inspire confidence. In fact, Mr. Gimblet had a very strong impression that, in spite of direct evidence to the gentleman was no more entitled to sympathy than his defaulting partner.

When he came to consider the details, however,

Mr. Gimblet was inclined to mistrust his opinion. It was quite clear that Mr. Slowbody had decamped, as alleged, and had involved his partner in ruin. The report of the accountants, a firm of high standing, proved indisputably not only that Mr. Slowbody had robbed his clients, but also that he had pledged property belonging to Mr. Vant, besides appropriating the whole of their joint capital. The statement of affairs disclosed the most shameful frauds on the part of Mr. Slowbody, in none of which was there the sightest evidence to show that Mr. Vant had been implicated. In fact, the surrounding circumstances all pointed to the innecence of the senior partner, and no shadow of suspicion appeared to rest upon him. But when Mr. Gimblet was seized with an idea, he did not easily suffer himself to be disconcerted by adverse facts. Consequently, when he reached his dingy office, he said to one of his assistants:

"Grainger, you live at Clapham, don't you?"

" Grainger, you live at Clapham, don't you?"
"Yes, sir."

"Grainger, you live at Clapham, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to make a few inquiries about a Mr. Vant," said Mr. Gimblet, thoughtfully drawing crosses with his pen on his blotting-pad.

"Is that the gentleman who has been swindled by his partner?"

"Yes. The matter doesn't press at all; any time will do. Just find out when he left Biarritz, and what day he received in Paris the news of his partner's disappearance. You may be able to get it from one of the servants."

After this Mr. Gnublet dismissed the subject from his mind for some days, having more important business on hand. He learned from the newspapers that no clew had been obtained as to the whereabouts of the defaulting partner, and it seemed pretty certain that he had made good his escape. At length his subordinate reminded him of the mission he had intrusted to him.

"Well, what have you ascertained?"

"I made the acquaintance of the gentleman's valet, sir, who accompanied the family to Biarritz."

"Yes?"

"Every one in Clapham sympathizes very much with Mr. Vant. The house and furniture are to be said and the sevents have all received notice."

"Yes ?"

"Every one in Clapham sympathizes very much with Mr. Vant. The house and furniture are to be sold, and the servants have all received notice."

"Of course," said Mr. Gimblet, impatiently.

"The family stayed at Biarritz nearly two months, at the Hotel d'Angieterre. They left on the 20th of January, and went to Paris. The letter followed them there, forwarded with other letters from Biarritz some days later."

"Yes?"

Biarritz some days later.

"Yes?"

"The valet was in the room when the letter arrived. Mr. Vant opened it, and was dreadfully upset. Of course, the valet did not know what had happened at the time, but he guessed there was something wrong by the way Mr. Vant abused him for picking up the envelope from the floor."

"Oh! How was that?" inquired Mr. Gimblet with sudden interest.

"The valet stooped to pick up the envelope which had fallen. Mr. Vant pounced upon him directly and snatched it away from him and destroyed it in a passion."

a passion."
"I suppose he saw the man looking curiously at
the postmark or something," said Mr. Gimblet,

"I suppose he saw the man looking curiously at the postmark or something," said Mr. Gimblet, thoughtfully.

"I suppose he did, but the valet didn't notice anything except that the letter had a Spanish stamp."

"Eh!" exclaimed Mr. Gimblet, quickly.

"That is what the man said, sir," said the clerk, a little startled by an abropt movement of his master.

"Very well. What else!" inquired Mr. Gimblet. It was evident, however, that his mind was preoccupied, and that he paid but little attention to the remaining details which his assistant related. The latter were quite unimportant, and when the man had finished, Mr. Gimblet dismissed him without asking anything further. But the incident of the letter—or rather the envelope—afforded him food for reflection. The letter professed to have been written from Queenstown, and to have come from there. Mr. Gimblet had seen a copy of it, the original being in the hands of the police. Obviously the envelope containing it ought to have been franked by an English stamp. The fact of its having a Spanish stamp 'showed conclusively that it had not been posted in Ireland. Of course, it was just possible that the valet may have been mistaken at a hasiy glame: but, on the other hand, why should Mr. Vant have seized it so anxiously, and why had he destroyed so important a piece of evidence." I pon the whole, Mr. Gimblet was inand why had he destroyed so important a piece of vidence? Upon the whole, Mr. Gimblet was inlined to believe the correctness of the Lyalet's tory; and this suggested the inference that Mr. ant had deliberately been misleading the police d his creditors for the purpose of screening his

The train of thought which followed this discovery kept Mr. Gimblet's mind fully occupied for half an hour, during which he sat at his desk whistling softly to himself, with a very knowing expression. At length he roused himself from his reverie, and started off into the city, where he paid a visit to Mr. Vant

Vant.

"I've called, sir," he sald, quietly, upon being ushered into that gentleman's office, "with reference to our conversation the other day."

"Ah! Very glad to see you, Mr. Gimblet," sald Mr. Vant, who had been permitted, owing to the sympathy of his creditors, to continue his business under favorable auspices. "There is no news, I'm sorry to say. I suppose you have none?"

"Well, I think I've found out something, sir," said Mr. Gimblet, with edifying humility.

"Indeed! What is it?" inquired Mr. Vant, condescendingly.

"You said the letter announcing the flight of your partner came from Queenstown f"

"So it did. The police have it."

"It professed to come from Queenstown, but I can prove that it really came from Spain, and that you knew it," said Mr. Gimblet, in a matter-of-fact

tone.

Mr. Vant fell back in his chair as though he had been shot, and turned as pale as murble. The exdetective's calm and penetrating gaze caused the demail he attempted to utter to die away on his lips.

Mr. vance be suit horved.

a pause he said hoarsely:—
hed it for; he best. He had wronged me, but he
een my friend. I had no other motive."
on may tell that to the marines, sir," said Mr.
let, with a wink. "Do you mind my telling
little store."

ablet, with a wink. "Do you mind my telling is a little story?"

What about ?" murmured Mr. Vant.

About two friends of mine—call 'em Smith and mes." began Mr. Gimblet, quite cheerfully, with and Jones were in business tegether, but may went from bad to worse, till nothing reined but to shut up shop. But Smith, who was enterprising fellow, proposed to Jones to raise the money they could, to collar everything they ild lay their hands on, and to make a bolt."

Nothing of the kind! nothing of the kind."

"Nothing of the kind! nothing of the isped Mr. Vant.

1 Sped Mr. Vant.

1 That Jones had a better idea than that," resumed fr. Gimblet. "He suggested instead that Smith hould do as he proposed, and leave him behind, his arrangement would suit both of them. Smith rould have more capital to make a fresh start in another country, while Jones would remain behind and pose as a martyr. You see, sir, a crash was insvitable: Jones was bound to have lost everything, victoral, to do so under circumstances that pose as a martyr. You see, sir, a crash was inable: Jones was bound to have lost everything. he preferred to do so under circumstances that ild secure popular sympathy and induce his also come forward. Besides, of course, he was ave part of the swag on the quiet."

No. I'll swear, not a farthing," cried Mr. Vant, emently. "It's—it's a lie, all of it," he added, lently beside himself.

There is a precious lot of money gone, Mr. Vant, "Mr. Gimblet, meaningly.

Look here, Mr. Gimblet," said Mr. Vant, making esperate chort to recover his composure, and pung his voice to a treamlous whisper, "supercerything had happened precisely as you say, teonid you prove?"

should leave that to others," replied Mr. blet, evasively.

"I should leave that to others, replied allimblet, evasively.
"But nobody could prove anything. Do you
out, if I had done as you suggest, I should not
vive taken every possible precaution? As regards
our wonderful discovery about the letter having
one from Spain—"

There was great excitement yesterday morning at Homewood. For some time past the Gillespie Fuel Company have been boring for gas on the grounds of Mr. George Westinghouse, and at 8 o'clock yesterday morning a heavy vein was struck at a depth of 1,580 feet. The pressure was so great at first that the sand and gravel were thrown high in the air. The news spread rapidly and the grounds were the centre of attraction for hendreds during the day. In the city it was generally commented upon, and in some instances the hiveliest prophecies were indulged in, the strike being so near the city. The flow on tests showed a pressure of forty pounds, the vein being found in a gravelly rock. A gentleman long identified with wells and familiar with natural gas said when spoken to: "I see no reason why every manufactory in Fittsburg using fuel should not here into the bowels of the earth and tap the reservoirs of gas that I am confident underlie the whole of this section. It is my firm belief that is strong deposits as these owned by the Fenn Coulant will come when mill owners and manufacturers will tone of the serious of the last will come when mill owners and manufacturers will thus obtain their fael."

"Why are you confident that it can be obtained over I was asked. From The Pittsburg Disputch.

day will come when mill owners and manufacturers will thus obtain their fuel."

"Why are you confident that it can be obtained here!" was asked.

"The formation of the country and the fact of its being found wherever bored deep enough for in the surrounding vicinity, indicate to me that there are nearly inexhaustible deposits underlying Pittsburg," replied the gentleman. It stands to reason, does it not, that if it is found in such quantities at Murraysville, and now at Homewood, that we also have it here. I think it is only a matter of depth. This well at Homewood is 1,600 feet deep. We may have to go deeper here or perhaps not so deep. There is no established depth at which these pockets are located. They seem to be vast deposits that have found their way through porous strata and loose, pebbly rock, like this at Homewood, into this section, quite likely coming here from the oil fields of Pennsylvania, or Ohio or West Virginia, where it is my impression the gas is generated. I have an idea of my own that right in this vicinity there is a gas pool, or pocket, into which it hows from the source of its origin many miles distant."

"Is it lasting?" was the query.

strength of its flow, but I think enough can be found underlying Pittsburg to keep all our mills running, and who knows but our furnaces, for many years. You must understand, from what I have previously stated, it is not in sucks, but in deposits that are fed by fields many miles distant and of great extent. Virtually Pittsburg would simply be a gas burner for a generator of millions of subterranean serce." If the gentleman's views are correct, the day may not be distant when a single match will be all the fuel a family will have to take care of winter or sommer.

YOU OR L. From Every Saturates.
If we could know
Which of us, darling, would be first to 20,
Who would be first to breast the swelling tide,
And step alone upon the other side—
If we could know!

If it were you, Should I walk softly, keeping death in view? Should I my love to you more off express? Or should I grieve you, darling, any less— If it were you?

If it were I. Should I improve the moments slipping by ?
Should I more closely follow God's great plan,
Be filled with sweeter charity to man—
If it were I?

If we could know!
We cannot, darling; and 'tis better so.
I should forget, just as I do to-day.
And waik along the same old stumbling way—
If I could know.

I would not know
Which of us, darling, will be first to go.
I only wish the space may not be long
Between the parting and the greeting song;
But when, or wiere, or how we're called to goI would not know.

THY LITTLE HAND. Thine is a little hand—
A tiny little hand—
But if it clasp
With timid grasp
Mine own, ah! me, I well can understand
The pressure of that little hand!

Thine is a little month-A very little mouth—
But oh! what bliss
To steal a kiss,
Sweet as the honeyed zephyrs of the South,
From that same rosy little mouth!

Thine is a little heart-

A little fluttering heart—
Yet is it warm
And pure and calm.
And loves me with its whole untutored art,
That paipitating little heart! Thou art a little girl-

Thou art a little girl—
Only a little girl—
Yet art thou worth
The wealth of earth—
Diamond and ruby, sapphire, gold and pearl—
To me, thou blessed little girl! THE WILD VINE.

The Wild Vine climbs aloft and at her side On earth the Bramble trails his thorny stems; O'er him the Vine her branches throws to hide The Bramble's thorns with her white pearly He grove is now no more, nor rives each limb, For his Wild Vine he lives, she blooms for him.

I was a wastrel plant ere thou didst love me.
My precious Wild Vine, but when thou didst
throw
Thy branches o'er me, and to bloom above me
Wert pleased, thy sweetness made me gentle

grow;
And mated now are the unwonted pair.
With my uncomeliness thy beauty rare.
December.

A LOVER'S SONG. A lover's song, accept it pray,
'Tis very little, but they say
By small things men show they are great,
And if you love thus estimate,
Then greater mine for this display.

Then greater hose

But Chloe, were I Coryn gay
With chansonette and roundelay,
I'd pipe for you, the flocks should wait
A lover's song.

Between these lines a heart astray
Fintters to you. There, if it may,
Will rest content. I ope the gate
And trembling, tearful of its face,
I send it with this leaf of bay
A lover's song.
H. C. FAULENER

HERE AND THERE.

Sorrow and pain and night are one; Sorrow and pain and night are one;
Darkness comes with all;
Shadows rise and fall;
The moon's coid light is not her ewn;
Only the silver stars appear.
Given as 'twere by Hope to cheer
The falat and weary
When sad and dreary—
Here!

Happiness, joy and bliss are one: Sanlight comes to stay; Shadows flee away; The Master sits upon His throne, A shining light in heaven above. Raling men by Fatth and Lova.

DEATH IS DEAD.

I saw in dreams a mighty multitude—
Gathered, they seemed, from North, South, East and West,
And in their looks such horrer was expressed
As must forever words of mine clude.
As if transtixed by grief, some silent stood,
While others wildly smote upon the breast,
And cried out fearfully, "No rest, no rest!"
Some fled, as if by shapes unseen pursued.

Some laughed insanely. Others, shricking, said,
"To think but yesterday we might have died;
For then God had not thund red, 'Death is dead!"
They gashed themselves till all with blood were red,
"Answer, O God; take back this curse," they

eried— But "Death is dead" was all the voice replied. Partir Bourke Marston. THE THREE MAIDS.

From Temple Bar.

Three maids went forth the lovely world to see;
Three maids, their names Faith, Hope and Charity;
Each with her separate mission to unfold,
Apart, yet one, a happy band behold.

Three maids went wand'ring o'er the weary earth, Seeking to give mankind anobler worth, Naught would they take; to give was their intent, Riches beyond the world in their extent.

Three maids returned; footsore, and faint and sad. Heavy at heart where erst they had been giad. For all their gifts in this great world of sin, Few would accept, and none would take them in.

STUPID WOMEN.

From The Boston Courser.

Mrs. Lincoln, of the Boston Cooking School, has Mrs. Lincoln, of the loston Cooking School, has just issued a volume of her receipts, in the preface to which she remarks that the reader may consider her amescessarily minute in her directions, but that her experience has taught her that no detail is small enough to be left unmentioned, and, we might well add, that it is not safe to take even the possession of common sense for granted. This may sound a tride severe, yet it would probably be agreed to by anybody who should take the trouble to visit the cooking school, and sit for an hour listening to Mrs. Lincoln's lecture and to the stupid and inane questions asked by well-dressed and apparently intelligent women.

It chanced that one afternoon some wooden spoons, such as Mrs. Lincoln uses, had been ordered by her for various ladies who had wished to buy them. The spoons were distributed to their various purchasers and a moment of slient examination followed, then a lady inquired in a distrustful and pleading volce:

Mrs. Lincoln, could-er-I use my spoon to-er stir "Mrs. Lincoln, could-er-I use my spoon to-er stir fresting?"
Mrs. Lincoln kindly gave her the required permission, and she relapsed into contented silence.
Another pupil was much excited by the fact that when it was desirable to increase the heat of the gas range, the jets in the chandeler were lowered.

"Why," demanded this bewildered female in an awestruck tone, "why does she have to fry her croquettes in the dark?"
She evidently thought the frying of croquettes to be a religious rite which demanded a dim and mystic light for its proper pursuance.

Yet another intelligent questioner—but this was in the old days of Miss Parlou—propounded this conundrum with all the gravity which befitted its weight.

weight.
"Miss Parloa, my family is so large that one loaf of angel cake is not enough; now, it I want to make two loaves, must I double the quantity of materials?" These examples are not given as examples of ignorance of cookery, because that, of course, is en-tirely excusable in anybody who is not obliged to cook, but it is the lack of simple common sense which is so remarkable in women of at least ordi-nary intelligence and of good education.

THE PALO ALTO RANCH

EX-GOVERNOR STANFORD'S PRINCELY DO-MAIN.

SITE OF THE PROPOSED INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY-

AN ESTATE OF SIX THOUSAND ACRES. TROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. I frogs, and rare old books. His house was a low ram-SAN FRANCISCO, May 24.—The interview with ex-bling cottage, but near it he built a fine bruck library, in Governor Stanford in regard to the founding of an in-dustrial university at Palo Alto, in memory of his son, which appeared in yesterday's TRIBUNE, and which nond covering a quarter of an area and supplied to

this city. It derived its name from a huge pine tree which stands at the side of the gate-way, and which is a landmark, seen at a distance of many miles. The connectable bodse, is bordered on the right, as one enters, by a pretty creek, which in winter is swelled by the rains to a stream of fair proportions. On the other side is the ample lawn, dotted with ornamental trees.

There is an air of quiet and rooms, as if Neture and continuous and blooming appearance that he was betrayed into Milton in blank verse: "If thou art he, but, oh! how altered:" broad, well-shaded avenue which sweeps up to the There is an air of quiet and repose, as if Nature and not man had planned these grounds, which is not common in such suburban horses. No attempt has been made to include in the conceits of landscape gardening; in a word everything is the reverse of artificial.

A HANDSOME BUILDING SITE. The house is a low, two-story cottage, its ample porch covered with climbing roses. It is surrounded by beautifully arranged grass plots; in the rear are numerous outbuildings for servants, a very extensive con-servatory and forcing house, an ample kitchen-garden, a nursery of rare trees and ornamental shrubs. Over to the right of the house, beyond a peach orchard, is the site which the Governor had selected before his departure for Europe for a fine, new house. The ex-cavation for the foundation and cellar was made; and the earth at the front and sides was ridged up and packed, as if for the ramparts of a fort, and the ground was prepared for thorough drainage. Then it was left, and Nature soon covere i it with a fine growth of grass, so that when we drove up on the front rampart ye erday it looked like the grass-grown deserted forts which the Spaniards erected in early days at various things going than those. I will explain. This is 1884,

erday it looked like the grass-grown deserted forts which the Spaniards erected in early days at various points along the coast.

This will probably be the site selected for the university, and certainly no more picture-sine one could be found in this charming valley. Three noble avenues have been laid out in front of this site, extending to the main highway about a third of a mile away. Following the one at the left, the eye is ied struight to Mount Diablo, thirty miles cast of San Francisco, and the mest considerable peak in the coast range? the main avenue is laid out on a line with Tamalpais, a rugged summit of the irregular ridge of mountains in Marin Caunty across the bay from this city, while the third avenue leads in the direction of the flot springs in the Santa Cruz mountains in which the Governor is interested. The horizon is marked by the faint blue line of the distant coast range, while, tarning sharn around, one may see the gently rolling foot-hulls, dotted with live oats, and another spur of the coast range near at hand, their summits clearly defined with tall pines looming darkly against the cloudless blue sky.

A FAVORES LCCALILY.

The land slopes gently away to the turnyike, which runs parallel with the railroad. Along the avenues have been planted borders of ornamental plants. Here it was the owner's intention to establish an arboretum on a scale unknown in this county. He deagn was to demonstrate how many cloice varieties of American on a scale unknown in this county. He deagn was to demonstrate how many cloice varieties of American on a color unknown in this county. He deagn was to demonstrate how many cloice varieties of American on a scale unknown in this county. He deagn was to demonstrate how many cloice varieties of American on a scale unknown in this county. He deagn was to demonstrate how many cloice varieties of American on a scale unknown in this county. He deagn was to demonstrate how many cloice varieties of American one of the less arts. No matter where you so in the edity, you

The land slopes gently away to the turnpike, which runs parallel with the railroad. Along the avenues have been planted borders of commental plants. Here have been planted borders of commental plants. Here is not a scale unknown in this country. His decays was to demonstrate how many closice varieties of American and foreign shruks and trees could be made to fourish in this fine soil and under these goldal skies. In this act in so many of his undertakings, he had the good of the public in view, using his vast wealth to conduct experiments on a scale so one soft the walls of a college, which if carried out in the spirit outlined by the naled objector, will be unrivalled in this country in its capacity for practical good.

Certainly no location could be better adapted than this for the experiments of an industrial school. With no additional preparation the Pals-Alto ranch would farmels means of instruction in a half-dozen branches of science; and with the great wealth and liberal views of the gender, there were the proposed of the proposed

be made to afford. The climate is so kindly that one may work in the open air throughout the year; hard frosts are unknown, and roses bloom in inderinter; the heat of summer is fempered by cod brocks from the ocean, sharn of all their chill and fag; forer and ague and the other fils which curse so many building valleys, trouble not this favored spot. In fact, it would be diffi-cult in the whole country to find actionate more equable and healthful, or one in which manual labor in the open air may be performed the year round with so little fatigue.

No special effort has been made in this place in the way of agriculture or viticulture, but there is a fine old vineyard of forty acres, which probably gives the in the State. It comprises forty acres, the vines being planted in rows much nearer together than is the present custom; the body of the vine is frequently a foot in diameter, yet the growth is cut down so that the vine does not reach above a man's whist. This vineyard last year brought in \$6,200, or a trille over \$150 revenne to the nore. Near by this is a field of fifty acres, level as a house floor, of rich dark loam, which was planted a year ago last fall to young vines. They are

of the choicest varieties and in about three years will be in good hearing.

Many changes besides this have been made on the ranch during the tovernor's absence. When he went away be placed the ranch in the hands of Major ranch during the Governor's absence. When he went away be placed the ranch in the hands of Major Rathbone, an ex Army officer, who has a fine home in Menlo Park, and who is passionately fond of horses. Governor Stanford's funcy for the trotting and running stock gradually led him to establish stables on a portion of his estate about a mile and a half back of his house. There many famous trustors have been bred, and there in the centre of a pretty little ring the ex-Governor is wont to sit and watch his favorite animals as they are speeded about the track. There also were confuced the new famous experiments on the horse in notion, taken by means of instantaneous photography. The little house, with the twenty-four phaces for cameras, stands by the side of the large track, and there, in the compass of about twenty fort, two dozen distinct views of the borse were taken as he went by with the speed of the wind—a speed which only electricity could keep pace with and register. But the hobby of a millionnaire grew beyond all bounds, and the present manager of the breeding stables, utilizing his West Point training, has established a system of military disopline which has lifted the establishment aimost to the dignity of a public institution. Rarely will one find in a National or State establishment such admirable economy of space and labor, such neatness and system. Over 150 men are employed, about half white and half Chinese, and the stables, barns, paddocks, and training rings, seen from a little distance, bear a striking resemblance to a military post.

So successful has been the system followed here that in the Palo Alto stables. Certainly if care in breeding and training animals can accomplish good results in increasing the speed of thoroughbreds, there ought to be no such word as failure here. Everything is watched with the minutest attention. The young colts are all as gentle as calves which have been the pets of the farmer's tamily; they are broken to harness, and [then exercised every day on the track, in rainy weather a covered "run around" being provided in order that there may be no lack of the regular and systematic training which is so essential an element in the future success of the animal. And the result is a collection of graceful animals, with the intelligent faces, clean-cut

eads and limbs.

So famous has the stable become that colts from it are in great demand and fetch high prices. Still, of course, the owner does not realize more than one half of the annual expenditure; yet in time, if carried out under the present plan, it will be sure to yield a handsome revenue as well as to establish the reputation of the State as one of the best in the world for the breeding of fine racing stock.

ADDITIONS TO THE ESTATE, ETC. A VETERAN.—The Elder Sister: "Were you ever in an engagement, Major Pro-"Son of Mars": "Well, Lah...,"-Little Ethel ("enfant terribla"): "Ah, but Sister Loute's been engaged more in seven times!"—

ADDITIONS TO THE ESTATE, ETC.

Under instructions from the Governor, Major Rathbone has also added largely to the extent of the Palo Alto ranch, during its owner's absence. Before, the place consisted of 2,000 acres. During the last two Under instructions from the Governor, Major Rathbone has also added largely to the extent of the Palo Alto ranch, during its owner's absence. Before, the place consisted of 2,000 acres. During the last two

years 4,000 acres have been gained by purchase, so that the whole range of foot hills which can be seen at the rear of the place are included in this fine domain. One tract of 1,400 acres was bought from an eccentric Frenchman named Coutts. He had been a defaulter to a large amount in France and escaped to this country years ago, bought this ranch and settled down upon it with his family. His three hobbies were fine cattle, Governor Stanford in regard to the founding of an industrial university at Palo Alto, in memory of his son, which appeared in yesterday's TRIBUNE, and which were stored his costly Elzevirs, first folios, and black letter MSS. On the gentls hill which oversions are plan had reached this city so that the details of his proposed generosity were in the nature of news which interested a large part of the public. A visit had been planned by me to the Palo Alto ranch on the day this account appeared, and as this place is to be the site of the future university, where the boys and girls of California may be trained in useful handlwork, some facts about the place will perhaps not be without interest.

A good many years ago the Governor bought this ranch, which is situated on gently rising ground about a mile from the village of Menlo Park, on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad, thirty-two miles from this city. It derived its name from a huge pine tree which stands at the village for many and the stands at the village of the stands are the stored his costly Elzevits, first folios, and black letter MSS. On the gentls hill which over-looked his house he had established an enormous froguend, evering a quarter of an acre, and supplied it with the facest spring water brought from the neighbor-looked his house he had established an enormous froguend, evering a quarter of an acre, and supplied it with the facest spring water brought from the neighbor-looked his house he had established an enormous froguend, evering a quarter of an acre, and supplied it with the facest spring water brought from the neighbor-looked his house he had established an enormous froguend, evering a quarter of an acre, and supplied it with the facest spring water brought from the neighbor-looked his house he had established an enormous froguend, evering a quarter of an acre, and supplied it with the facest spring water brought from the neighbor-looked his house he had established an enormous froguend, evering a quarter of an acre, and supplied it

SIRLOIN STEAK, ASPARAGUS AND NEW POTATOES, ALL FOR 35 CENTS.

The red-mustached man met the ex-Alder-

"It's myself, my boy, and no mistake. Do I look gay

The ex-Alderman wors a light suit of Scotch wool of the most expensive kind. His necktie was of light ribbed satin, and in it was a ponderous pin, a round ball of Etruscan gold studded with small rubles, diamonds and sapphires. His diamond ring glittered on the little finger of his left hand, and on the little finger of his right there were twin jewels, radiantly fair. His massive and states manike forehead was partly concealed by a white "plug" hat. He was smoking the fag-out of an undenla-ble Reina Victoria, and seemed on the best possible

terms with himself. "What does it mean !" asked the man with the red mustache. "This splendor accounts for the fact that I have not seen you for ages at our friend's, where you have been greatly missed. Some of the customers have complained that the beans don't taste so well since you left, and one veteran has declared that, though he doesn't wear diamond rings himself, it used to improve his appetite to have you at the next table. But account for your self, Alderman. Have you had several \$909 con-

steraire sauce rubbed together upon the steak, man-ng subsequently with the gravy below after a few scien-e cuts had been made in the stroin steak. "Now Alderman," he creed, "you will find this an collent arrangement for the asparagus when it comes."

"Now Alternam," he creed, "you will find this an excellent arrangement for the asparagus when it comes." This arrived shorty and it prived to be admirable. The new potatoes were the best of their kind. The steak was jute, avery and fairly tender, and the repeat was most embyable.

"All this," said the ex Alderman, "for thirty-five cents. Now, if you will take my advice, you will wind up with a cup of excellent tes, which will cost 5 cents more. The grand total is 40 cents, but one has the atmost amount of natritudes and severy food watch the ordinary stomach can dieses for that sim, including delicious fresh venerables cooked incomplity and went. I admit that very few poor people, such as we used to be when we are the corned beef so bravely, can stand 40 cents for a meal. But I believe that nowhere in the world can you get for 40 cents anything so thereoughly excellent as our meal here. And this I repeat "wilhout fear or favor careless," as the law-books say, "of John a Noakes, or John a Styles, John Doe, or Richard too," or any of their gang. Adient"

HOW THE WOMEN CAPTURED OXFORD.

From Truth (London.)
It was generally expected that the ladies would win It was generally expected that the ladies would win at Oxford last week, and that the vote of "Congregation" admitting them to some of the University "honors" examinations would be confirmed by "Convocation"; but neither side was prepared for so large a majority as was setually forthcoming. This was due to two or three causes. For one thing Mr. Montague Burrows and the other conservative wire pullers were not on this occasion allowed to have it all their own way. There was a vigorous whip on the other side, and a special train full of the "Ladies men" was run from London. Another thing was that the clerical interest was divided. Canon Liddon's influence against the statute was probably neutralized by the fact that the Warden of Keble was equally warm in favor of it; and, besides that, country clergymen have every reason to be in favor of the higher education of women, for it gives their daughters a chance of carning their own livings. A large proportion of the scadents at the ladies' colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are, I believe, clergymen's daughters.

The incredibly foolish letters published on the other side should perhaps be added as a continuory cause to the victory of the ladies. One "Old Don" accused those of his colleagues who were in favor of the statute of being actuated by pecuniary motives. Pean Burgon repeated the same ridiculous and unmannerly mistake he made a few years ago in the matter of Oxford loaging houses; and the Dean of Norwich overstated the case with equal absurdity in another direction by talking of the statute as an attempt to defent "Divine Providence and Holy Scripture." Dr. Goulbourne apparently failed to see that he was practically abolishing "the distinction of the saxes" argument by contending that the substitution of one set of examination papers for another would be enough to "unsex" a woman. That Oxford sometimes makes a man into an old woman I should not wish to deny; but no amount of Oxford movements will be able to make women into men.

HOME INTERESTS.

FEATURES OF THE MARKETS.

WATERMELO NS AND WILD-GOOSE PLUMS-PICELED COCKS' COMBS AND CHICKEN RIDNEYS. There were watermelons in the markets yesterday that weighed nearly ten pounds and sold at \$150 each. They came from Florida. Midsummer and early fall are brought face to face with the observer who notes the appearances in the fruit trade at present. It will be many long weeks before peaches will ripen or watermelons flourish in this State or vicinity, yet they are showered into this city within a few days of their becoming eatable in any part of the world. At present the far South is the market garden of the North. Wildgoose plums from Georgia can be had for 50 cents a box. Florida and Georgia praches are sold from 59 cents to \$1 a dozen in the fancy fruit stores and the markets while street venders sell them from their stands at from 1 to 5 cents each. Houthouse peaches are worth 50 cents each. Southern cherries are plentiful at 15 and 20 cents a pound. The season for Delaware strawberries is at its height. The fruit is of the Lincoln and Sharpless varieties and sells for 20

and 50 cents a box. Next to fruit the most attraction is found in vegetables. Last week two steamers came from Bermuda with almost entire cargoes of onious and potatoes. The Bermuda onions are the large white flat-top kind. They cost 10 cents a quart. Green corn from Florida is among the novelties. Long Island asparagus is worth 25 cents a bunch

Island asparagus is worth 25 cents a bunch and is in great demand. Green peas are coming across the Bridge and are sold at 70 cents a peek. String beans are worth \$1 and \$1 25 a peek. Egg-plants cost 15 and 25 cents, cauliflowers 25 and 40 cents, lettuce is plentiful at 2 cents a head, while new Bermuda potatoes bring \$5 a barrel or 25 cents a haif-peek.

There were few new features in the fish market last week to distinguish it from the week before. The trade in oysters is dull and clams are now the popular favorities for seaside hotels and mountain summer resorts. The butchers' business is dull and prices rarely change from week to week, as is the case with other classes of provisions. Porterhouse roast sells for 2s cents, first quality of rib roast 22 cents, and beef rump 18 cents. Hind-quarter of spring lamb sells for 2s cents and fore-quarter 25 cents a pound. The market is plentifully supplied with fine, fresh country butter, which sells at 2s and 35 cents a pound. Long Island and Jersey eggs are 25 and 28 cents a dozen.

Sometimes there can be found in the market a curious-looking pint bottle filled with a substance that seems familiar, yet one cannot exactly say what it is. Inquiry of the marketman will elicit the fact that the bottle contains pickled coeks' combs and is worth \$150. There are also pickled chicken kidneys to be had, but they are hard to find.

Little Neck Clams.
Tapicca Soup.
Boiled Salmen with egg sauce. Cucumbers.
Cutlets à la Milanaise. Boiled New Potatoes. Asparagus.
Salad-Lettuce Mayonnaise.

Cheese, Wafers.
Strawberry ice with fresh strawberries. Pineappls
Coffee, HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

CUTLETS A LA MILANAISE.—Dip some nice veal cutlets in melted butter and then dip them in a mixtare composed of grated Parmesan cheese, dry bread crumps and pepper and sait to taste. Pus aside for awhile; then dip them in a beaten egg and again in the cheese and crumb mixtare. Put them aside for two hours, then fry. Boil (twenty minutes) a large handfull of maccaroni—paghati is best—take it up in colander, drain, and mix with it a large piece of fresh batter and a sauce composed of tomato slowly stewed for three or four hours, strained and stirred up with the yolk of an egg. Sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese over the macron, lay it in the centre of a platter and arranges the cutlets around it.

Cutlers with Mushrooms.—Fry nicely some vea.

slices of bread a day or two old. Make it evenly browned; if a little burned, strape off the burned particles with a knife. See that the slices are of even size, with neatly triumed edges. Then put the slices, two at a time, into the sauce, and as soon as they soften all through—it only takes a moment—transfer them to for covered dish kept hot in the oven. Pour a little sauce over each successive layer, going through the whole operation quickly. Serve the teast while it is very hot. This is a dish to temp a fasting saint, and it is one which it generally takes a lady to make. The average cook is sore to botch it. The sauce should be of the consistency of cream. Arrow-root, it should be remembered, it the most delicate thickening material in the world. It is considerably more expensive than flour, however.

s ever.

Graman Dumplings.—Mix a quarter of a pint of lukewarm milk or cream with a small cup of fresh yeast; add an onnee of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, three onness of partly melted butter and a pound of sifted flour. Beat the whole thoroughly until light and spongy; cover with a cloth and let it raise by gentle warmth. Turn out the dough on a well-floured board; cut off egg sized pieces and lightly roll them into round bank or ovals. Leave these on the board to rise again, with a dessert speomful of sugar, and milk half an inch deep. Let this boil; take up the cakes gently with a sice, and lay them close together in the boiling milk. Cover with a lid and put them in the oven till the milk is nearly dried away and the dumplings have a yellow crust. Take them casefully apart, sift sugar over and serve with any sweet sauce, fruit or syrup.

Lemon Marmalade.—Slice the lemons very thin only taking out the seeds; add three pints of cold water to each pound of fruit after being cut into pieces; let it stand twenty-four hours; boil it until tender, pour into an earthen bowl until the following day, weigh it, and to every pound of boiled fruit add 1½ pounds of lump sugar, boil the whole to gether till the syrup jellies and the chips are rather transparent.

Sauce Soir.—Wash five ounces of sage in warm

transparent.

transparent.

Sago Sott,—Wash five ounces of sago in warm water, set it in a sancepan with two quarts of milk, and simmer until the sago is thoroughly dissolved; season with pepper and said, and abl a small copful of cream beter serving. Good clear stock is generally used for both sago and tapicca soup; but they are even nicer made with milk. Taploca Sour, -Made as sage, only the taploca must be soaked for at least half an hour in ware water before being put into the milk.

RIGHT AND LEFT.

abolishing? the distinction of the soxes argument by contending that the substitution of one set of examination papers for another would be enough to "unsex" a woman. That Oxford sometimes makes a man into an old woman I should not wash to deay; but no amount of Oxford movements will be able to make woman into men.

The scene in Convocation was, to say the lenst, animated. The Protors made an ill-advised attempt to exclude undergraduates from the gailery, which, however, was recented so lastily that Professor Jowett had to send round an order to admit them. The loud appliance when the Vice-Chancellor entered, and when the result was read out, showed that undergraduates were on this occasion not less liberal than were, for once, the country parsons.

One of the happiest sailles from the gallery came just before the numbers were announced. The Senior Proctor was not very quick about his arithmetic, and the audience was waiting to impatient silence. "Call in one of the ladges to belp you, sir?" was the voice from the "gods."

A CLEVER CONTRIVANCE.

**Prom The British Medical Journal, and content in the ministry of each of the ladgest sailles from the visit of the ladgest to belp you, sir?" was the voice from the "gods."

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Prom Chambers's Journal.

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A CLEVER CONTRIVANCE.

**Prom The British Medi

with the process of evolution. Tailors affirm that the back of a pair of trousers is always more worn on the left side than on the right. Left-handed people always six toward the right. M. Delaunay concludes from these observations that the left brain develops previously to the right, and finally the right predominates.